

The Curry Arts Journal

Winter 1973

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The purpose of THE CURRY ARTS JOURNAL is to provide an outlet of creative expression for the students, faculty, and eventually the alumni of Curry College. Poems, short stories, plays, essays, critiques, drawings, and photographs are welcome. It is to be published twice a year, winter and spring, hopefully for years to come.

EDITORS

Mike Mogel
Editor-in-Chief

Wendy Davidov
David Gordon

Mark Snyder
Buff Brown

Dedicated to Dr. Franklin Batdorf

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Sarcasm, <i>Kevin Maxwell</i>	3
Fall Shore, <i>Michael Mogel</i>	4
Poem, <i>Charles O'Connell</i>	4
Candle Poem, <i>Charles Donze</i>	5
Poem, <i>Wendy Davidov</i>	6
Poem, <i>Polly Melrose</i>	6
Poem, <i>Mark Snyder</i>	6
Visiting, <i>Virginia O'Leary</i>	7
Poem, <i>Robin Roll</i>	9
Love House, <i>Mark Snyder</i>	9
Animal Crackers, <i>Buff Brown</i>	10
Angelic Moon, <i>Charles O'Connell</i>	10
Vignette, <i>Cynthia Cole</i>	11
The Fox, <i>Mark Snyder</i>	12
Poem, <i>Kevin Maxwell</i>	12
Titty Mouse and Tatty Mouse, <i>Gaye MacLeod</i>	13
Poem, <i>Charles Donze</i>	15
Poem, <i>Wendy Davidov</i>	16
Poem, <i>Robin Roll</i>	16
Lying, <i>Mark Snyder</i>	17
Vanity, <i>Mark Snyder</i>	17
Summer Harbor Morning, <i>Michael Mogel</i>	18
Poem, <i>Buff Brown</i>	18
Poem, <i>Mark Snyder</i>	19
Poem, <i>Wendy Davidov</i>	20
Poem, <i>Kevin Maxwell</i>	20
The Merry Go-Round, <i>Charles O'Connell</i>	21
You Win, <i>Buff Brown</i>	22
No Deal Chick, <i>Polly Melrose</i>	23
Poem, <i>Charles Donze</i>	24

SARCASM

With radar ears zeroed in,
The enemy is scanned.
Loaded tongues wait for command to fire
And the advance is made.

Here the mocking mind,
Routs rivals from the field.
This uncivil war leaves the blind an ally,
And the deaf unscared.

War will sever the comrade bond
So keep your sabres sharp.
The intruder retreats as do the cowards,
To strike again.

Kevin Maxwell

FALL SHORE

Rocks jounce on blowzy glass; above the sea-
smashed shells the seagulls stare -
hunt trapped small fish and junk from picnics
left last June. A dory moored against
the waves slams a quay whose grey old boards
are shot on shore: the bracing poles stand firm
in gale - their coral bones sea change
Ice-salted wind blows down
and down the wet weed shore and smooths the glass
that's made from sand, sandblasts the junk, and turns
the shells to dust.

Michael Mogel

Life has darkened for me once again.
Leading me into the depths of twilight as the pall of blackest
hue hugs me tighter and tighter-fighting for my life's last
breath. Do I have the will to survive?

People casting furtive glances, with little asides, snickering.

The inhumanity to man-bitter injustice!

A shotgun fires shattering the confusion into pieces of
actuality that continue to echo.

Further and further one must run looking for that land of
quietude and the explosion sounds again.

NOT TO BE STOPPED. .

Charles O'Connell

CANDLE POEM

All
nite
long
a candle
burned
into
the
universe
people
came
and
went

cops
followed
the people
in
and
out

love
and
desire
called
twice
on
the
telephone
But
me
and
the
ol'
candle
burned
into
the
night
and
early
morn...

I
blew
out
the candle
and somethin'
blew
me
out...

Charles Donze'

Dusk had shed its velvet robes of black, and
 The sand stood silent beneath the foamy waves.
 Only the breeze whispered as images were focused
 Upon the silver horizon.....a bird flew into
 View and then turned abruptly and dived into the
 Sea's reaching arms.
 Silence reigned again. All was quiet, life seemed
 To have forgotten this piece of solitude.

Wendy Davidov

Orange embers silhouetted against a crescent moon,
 Darting in and out like fireflies.
 Coming from a fire of nature.
 Opening a nighttime of wondering through expanded thoughts.
 Reaching through the sky
 To settle on the cold
 hard
 earth.

Polly Melrose

Visiting

Muma says I have to go. I don't want to go. Muma says I have to go. I don't want to go. But Muma says I have to go. I don't want to. But Muma says I must go. Still, Want to go I don't. I don't want to go. I don't. I don't. I don't. Know what I want to do? Go climb a tree and then maybe catch a frog. I like frogs. Muma is determined. She will make me go with her. She don't trust me to stay home alone -- I'm too little. She asks me if I see this? Do I understand? I say I can climb trees and catch frogs. Then she kisses me. The battle is lost. Upstairs I go. Into my dress she helps me. Now I can have no fun. Ya can't do anything in a dress. Must be some place special we're going. Cause I have to put on those black shiny shoes. They squish my feet and they are itchy. An' Muma scrubbed my face real hard. She pushed and pulled it all about. It hurt. This isn't going to be any fun.

Muma and me are in the car. Whizzing along. It is interah interesting. To watch everything go by and get teensier. I am in the back. Muma is in the front. She is driving. Muma won't let me sit in the front. She says if the car stops I will go through the windshield. Sometimes I worry about Muma. Cause when the car stops she doesn't go through the windshield.

She just stopped talking -- she talked real serious. She says I must be good. I must not tell any jokes. I will have to be quiet and polite. We are going to visit an old friend of hers. She is sick and old. She is in a place where old sick people are put. An' I must be extra careful to be good. It is a pity. That's what Muma says. It is a house but they call it a home. And to get in, you have to be old and sick. Only it's not like a hospital where you go in an' come out all better. This place you stay. Least ways Muma never told me that people came out. She says they are old and forgotten. It is a sad thing to be forgotten. I guess that's why Muma says it's a pity.

We are there. I am nervous. I am scared. My insides jump. We are here. I do not like this one bit. This bit I do not like. I grab Muma's hand. Muma will protect me. Cause she is tall. The door bell goes buzzzzzzzz. The door is white. The lady who opens it is white. It is strange. She is white from head to toe. She must be a part of the door. But Muma tells me she is what you call a nurse. I say no. You're not a nurse. Cause nurses work in hospitals and make people better. People who come here don't get better. They both looked at me. Muma murmured something. I felt ashamed. I felt afraid. This makes no sense. I will not speak again.

The white lady called another white lady. This place did not smell good. It smelled like sick. The sick smell had medicine mixed in it. I held my breath. I did not want to breathe, if I had to smell this. It did not work cause I had to breathe. So I had to smell the smell. I did not like this. I wished I was climbing a tree or chasing a frog. But I was here. I knew this wouldn't be fun. The other white lady is leading Muma and me. We are going to see Muma's old friend. As we get further away from the door the smell gets worse. It is hot in here. We come to the door of the room where Muma's old friend is. I did not want to go in. But Muma gave me a dreadful tug and I was in.

It smelled the worse in here. An' it was hot. I was tired. I was scared. This was not good. If I wasn't good Muma would slap me. I knew she would. She had that look. The white lady left us. There was Muma's old friend. She was lying in bed. She looked all dried up. She did not smell good. She smelled old with sick and mediciney mixed in. There were other beds in this room. They were filled with more old sick people. Some of them looked at me. I felt funny. Muma let go of my hand. I had said hello to Muma's friend. I went over to the window

while Muma talked to her old friend. I looked through the glass. I wished I was on the other side. This was not fun. Some of the old people moaned and groaned in their beds. I made no sense. I wished Muma and me were gone. In one of the beds there was another old lady. She had no eyes. She wore diapers. A white lady was changing them. The white lady saw me. She pulled a curtain; I could not see. How strange. I did not think old people wet their beds. I didn't wet my bed any more. Well, seldom.

Muma talked. Muma talked, Muma talked, Muma talked. She stopped. This was good. Now we could go. I said goodbye. Muma's old friend just nodded. I figured her tongue must be tired. We started to walk back to the door. Soon we would be out. But it smelled so bad. My head hurt. My legs felt wobbly. I wished I was home. Little bit futher and Muma and I would be outside. The white lady at the door said good-by. I did not look at her face.

We were outside. Muma opened the car door for me. But I felt really awful. I did not get in. I turned around. There was a funny taste in my mouth. I threw up. On the pavement. I was careful not to get any on my dress. I was so ashamed. I did not want to make Muma mad. It was an orange brown color and it had little lumps in it. I stopped. Muma helped me into the car. I told her I was sorry. She started the car. The engine rumbled. I looked out the window. A dog came. It was a boxer. It sniffed and then it started to lick up my throw up. Ugh. It was not fun.

Virginia O'Leary

You're all nailed up
I want to break down your door
But I will creep silently
Upon your slate steps
You'll hardly know I am here
As I gently knock

It might be painful
If I break down your barricade
But otherwise you will die
I want to save you a little, if I can
Besides, my love, your roof is cracked
I can see into your attic
And it looks a lot like mine.

Robin Roll

LOVE HOUSE

The foundation of our love
was cemented so silently
that when the walls went up,
we found out they were between us,
not around us.

Mark Snyder

ANIMAL CRACKERS

animal crackers

the great black gorilla
sits buddha-like in the bronx
his chest a warehouse
of dead thunder

the swing-easy giraffes
with their we-almost-made-it necks
are a ballet of boredom

the tigers
pace their cages
like pent-up dreams

and through the iron fence

kids play hockey in the street
and a wino sleeps in a doorway

Buff Brown

ANGELIC MOON

Angelic moon of waxed beauty pitted against the darkened web
of sin. Please don't descend into the unfathomable inferno of
tainted pleasure.

A pure, ivory face of carved white perfection
With hair of fine spun gold
Creating myriads of followers who yearn with burning passion
for the aesthetic.
Goodness is undeserving of such hurt.
Truculent eyes of cold mystery-a tender ferocity of which the
desirous succumb.

Then...face to face...a confrontation...a smile...torpid
feelings of an impassioned plea... but soon becoming too in-
flamed, then dissolving into the nothingness of existence.

Charles O'Connell

Vignette

i gathered up books and cigarettes, "goodnite," i slunk downstairs, dropping
notebooks of hopeless writing on my bed. i shuffled to the bathroom, took a
leak, threw some cold water on my face, and crawled into bed. i lit a cigarette to
accompany some bourbon and wished for something more.

i read, and stared, read and stared, smoked and sipped, smoked and sipped. i
wished for something more, something more.

a pathetic bit of energy surged. i wrote in the dark. it was the same old stuff,
nothing new, nothing exciting. i fell asleep, staring at the cluttered papers, the
dirty ash trays, and empty glasses. i dreamt of nothing. i awoke to an insulting
alarm clock, warning me of another day. i stepped from the bed to stop the
noise; it seemed as if it were the most aggressive thing i had done in days. i
shuffled to the bathroom, took a leak, threw cold water on my face, the same old
clothes were there, crumpled on the floor, faithfully, waiting to be used again. i
climbed upstairs. i turned the coffee on, sat down and opened a book. i read and
waited.

the coffee was hot and steamed as i took it in, sipped it in, hoping to consume
something. the clock ticked up the proper time. i gathered up books, car keys
and myself and shuffled to the car. it started. it always does.

Parking lot conversations gathered in the grey morning. i wished for something
more.

Cynthia Cole

THE FOX

People all around me,
no one knows my name.
They laugh and clown around
and I cry inside.
The pinball machine roars
out his sounds,
and I sit and daydream.....
A chicken walks in a yard,
the fox is watching him.
As the chicken nears the fox
it senses trouble. It backs away
and....

All of a sudden something asks
me am I the fox?

Mark Snyder

This cell of sick pale walls confines
My eyes and follows veins that run from floor
Up walls distinct from portals secular,
Decayed -- two, distinct in time and rite,
Their lath and plaster vented by the worms.
There windows decry the degenerate in blurred
Reflections. Inhaling currents revive the celibate
Halls, whispering words my ears cannot hear
Though here my eyes continue to probe time.

Kevin Maxwell

Titty Mouse and Tatty Mouse

Titty Mouse and Tatty Mouse both lived in a cottage.
Titty Mouse went a-husking and Tatty Mouse went a-husking.
So they both went a-husking.
Titty Mouse husked an ear of corn and Tatty Mouse husked
an ear of corn.
So they both husked an ear of corn.
Titty Mouse made a corn pudding, and Tatty Mouse made a corn pudding.
So they both made a corn pudding.
And Tatty Mouse put her corn pudding into the pot to boil. But when Titty
went to put hers in, the pot tumbled over and scalded her to death, and Tatty
sat down and wept.

Then the three-legged stool said, "Tatty, why do you weep?" "Titty's dead,"
said Tatty," and so I weep."
"Then," said the stool, "I'll hop," so the stool hopped.
Then a broom in the corner of the room said, "Stool, why do you hop?" "Oh!"
said the stool, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and so I hop."
"Then," said the broom, "I'll sweep," so the broom began to sweep.
Then said the door, "Broom why do you sweep?"
"Oh!" said the broom, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and
so I sweep."

Then, said the door, "I'll jar," so the door jarred.
Then the window said, "Door, why do you jar?"
"Oh!" said the door, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and
the broom sweeps, and so I jar."

Then, said the window, "I'll creak," so the window creaked.
Now there was an old horse outside the cottage, and when the window creaked,
the horse said, "Window, why do you creak?" "Oh!" said the window, "Titty's
dead, and Tatty weeps, the stool hops, the broom sweeps, the door jars and so I
creak."

"Then," said the old horse, "I'll gallop around the cottage."
So the old horse galloped around the cottage.

Now there was a fine large walnut tree growing by the cottage, and the tree said
to the horse, "Horse, why do you gallop around the cottage?" "Oh!" said the
horse, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and the broom
sweeps, the door jars, and the window creaks, and so I gallop around the
cottage."

"Then," said the walnut tree, "I'll shed my leaves." So the walnut tree shed all
its beautiful green leaves.

Now there was a little bird perched on one of the boughs of the tree, and when
all the leaves fell, it said, "Walnut tree, why do you shed your leaves?"

"Oh!" said the tree, "Titty's dead and Tatty weeps, the stool hops, and the
broom sweeps, the door jars, and the window creaks, the old horse gallops
around the cottage and so I shed my leaves."

"Then," said the little girl, "I'll spill the milk." So she dropped the pitcher and
spilt the milk.

Now there was an old man just by on the top of a ladder thatching the roof of the cottage and when he saw the little girl spill the milk he said, "Little Girl, what do you mean by spilling the milk; your little brothers and sisters will without their suppers."

"Then," said the little girl, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, the door jars, and the window creaks, the old horse gallops around the cottage, the walnut tree sheds all its leaves, the little bird moults all its gay feathers, and so I spilled the milk."

"Oh!" said the old man, "then, I'll tumble off the ladder and break my neck."

So he tumbled off the ladder and broke his neck; and when the old man broke his neck, he hit the walnut tree, and the great walnut tree fell down with a crash and upset the old horse and cottage, and the cottage, falling, knocked the window out, and the window knocked the door down, and the door upset the broom, and the broom upset the stool, and poor little weeping Tatty Mouse was buried beneath the ruins.

Crying doesn't help a scalded Mouse.

Gaye MacLeod

The
tumbleweed
blew
across
the
deserted
town,

the
sand
whipped
against
the
empty
windows,

a
broken
shutter
slammed
against
the
wall,

fall
rushed
into
the
desert
of
my
mind,
summer
dreaming
and
love
are
gone,
the
desert
rushes
into
heart
and
mind.

Charles Donzel

When you are down,
 And nothing looks up.
 When you've a frown,
 And stare at a cup.
 And see nothing inside
 That you can find but
 white scratched porcelain.
 When you decide that it is time,
 You must make more coffee, and pour
 Out the grounds.
 But then you say no, you'd rather have wine.
 And you know you have found what you really knew.
 What the world tried to say, tried to say to you
 No matter how you look,
 He would take what he took,
 And leave your heart alone.

Wendy Davidov

Do you think there's a hill,
 somewhere we can meet?
 You will come from one side
 and I from another.
 We will join in the middle.
 You will bring all you can
 from your heart
 And I will bring what I have --
 all of my life.
 Somehow our differences will come
 together
 For once.

Robin Roll

LYING

I'm caught in the mouth of DANGER
 Its teeth have a vice grip on my skin.
 I'm struggling in its massive jaws, there's no way out.
 But I mustn't lose, I must win.

I try to wriggle to get out but DANGER
 Threatens me with his friend, DEATH
 And when I saw the look on DEATH'S face,
 I just about decided to drop out of the race.

But a splinter of light hit my eyes,
 And that flash made me wise.
 I told everybody exactly what I saw,
 And DANGER released me from his jaw.

Now DANGER'S in the past, caution's in the present.
 I'd better not step out of line or I
 May be paid a visit by DANGER
 With him I'd much rather be just a stranger.

Mark Snyder

VANITY

She combs her hair,
 but no one is near.
 'cause she alone
 is a pair.

Mark Snyder

SUMMER HARBOR MORNING

The growling morning sea invades the pier
and gulps the wooden legs that sway high tide.
Here migratory fish can feed
among the weeds; and boys with worms and lines
feed fish and home while playing tag up on
the pier. The flapping chilly bass with swelling
grills are picked up by the tail - dropped
in canvas sacks to die. The boys withdraw
when fishes dart away. Then low noon tide
leaves slimy on the pier where salted wooden
planks sun dry until high tide.

Michael Mogel

once

a girl
said to me

i love you

the words
came out of
her mouth
like belongings
being thrown
from the window
of a burning house

Buff Brown

Tears keep on coming
and won't stop.

God, why did you do this to me?

If you had spoken
weeks before,

I would have no
cause for grief.

The words hit me like
like a bullet,
at close range
in the heart

I didn't know
I had a heart,
because

It had never been broken before.

Who do I hire
to repair it,

Or shall I leave it broken
As a souvenir of you?

Mark Snyder

Sitting and waiting for the non-occurring event.
 Standing and pacing, waiting still for that
 Non-occurring event.
 What is it, when is it, why is it?
 Let me know, I am so tired of waiting, but
 Still I sit, and I pace, and I wait, and wait, and wait.
 Hours pass, days without disturbance, memories
 Have all been recalled, **reviewed** and forgotten again.
 My back hurts, my feet hurt. I am weary with sleep.
 My head is heavy upon my shoulders that are slumping
 with the hours.
 I sit, and pace, and wait.....
 I've waited here for years, decades, centuries.
 I've waited here for days, hours, minutes. I have
 Waited a lifetime, I am yet to be born.

Wendy Davidov

An early morning rain disturbs
 The heart core of my illusions
 Dangling on a filament in the pond.
 The hook sways in mild currents,
 As the line arcs in the wind.
 A fish never taints my thoughts -
 My inward eyes drift on and on
 In search of a face apart from faces
 floating at my feet.
 The luring bait remains untouched -
 Another day ends.
 I plant my pole between two rocks,
 And trace the matted path for home.

Kevin Maxwell

The Merry Go-'Round

Once upon a time there was a merry-go-round located in that very special place every child dreams of - implanted in the remoteness of the imagination amid the sand dunes, the sea, and the vision of candy cotton splendor. It spun incessantly, repeatedly, whistling a tune, very much out of touch with other people. One, solitary, lone child remained on this device because of his own choice - partly out of need, partly out of want, and all because of pleasure. He is his own prisoner there, not realizing the danger, the terror, or the hurt that may consequently come to him and others who join him. His child-like mind and waif-like body are strong believers in the pleasure principle - instant gratification.

He has his choice of stallions. He rides one and then, another but somehow after he completes the circle, he returns to the one with which he first started - not because it is his favorite but because there is no other horse to ride. On completing the circle once again, he begins to grow heavy with fatigue. From horse to horse, he relentlessly goes - hoping that one will lead him off, but the merry-go-round continues -- forever revolving, out of tune, never ceasing. He is wrapped in the maze of sensual desires. It is pleasing. Hallucinations, delusions, begin to sprout in his mind, becoming too heavy a labyrinth to remain locked behind the closed door. He should share the news about this fun-loving mechanism with someone else - a friend, perhaps. No. He has discovered the merry-maker, therefore he would get full use of it. He laughs and giggles anew every horse and with every sip of the drink that he holds. He cannot comprehend the errors in his life. His rear end begins to grow sore with his steady sittings upon every stallion but this is no reason to put an end to his fun. He begins to get hot with fever from the all too plentiful excitement. A question enters his mind. Is it time to stop? Never ceasing. The child's eyes bulge out of their sockets. The reddening soreness of his face is scorched with flaming crimson. White soap-like fluid flows out his mouth encased with sores. There is no more child. A monster has developed. A mutation occurred.

Charles O'Connell

Whitewater
Raga,

the
waves
break
over
my
white
bow,

paddle
tears
into
the
water,

rocks
and
gates
rush
by,
raga,
raga,
whitewater.

Charles Donze'